# SOME VERSES ON THE KING's GOING to HANOVER.

Humbly Inſcrib'd

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

*ROBERT WALPOLE*, Eſq;

Firſt Lord of the TREASURY, *&c.*

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*Temporibus lætis triſtamur, Maxime* Cæſar.

Cornel. Gall. Epigr. de Mort. Virg.

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*LONDON:*

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*.

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# VERSES

OF THE

# KING

TO

# HANOVER.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT WALPOLE, Esq;

First Lord of the Treasury, &c.

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Temporibus Iuis tristissimis, Maxime Cæsar,
Correl. Gall. Epist. de Mort. Virg.

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# SOME VERSES ON THE KING'S GOING TO *HANOVER*, &c.

FAIR *Albion's* brighteſt, but abating Joys,
A ſadly pleaſing Theme the Muſe imploys.
Aid Thou, O WALPOLE, and aſſiſt my Verſe,
While I unskill'd the various Scene rehearſe:
For Thou thy Part of Sadneſs too muſt bear,
As Thine is in the Joys the Nobleſt Share.

From

From Slav'ry free, and from a Popiſh Yoke,
Nor any Hearts, but that of Faction, broke.
Rul'd by a Pow'r, of Strength to quell the Foe,
So gentle, ev'n Ourſelves we conquer too.
Kingdoms United by a Female Hand,
Our Hearts alone at GEORGE's great Command.
Scarce ev'n our Paſſions left wherewith to fight;
Our Iſle a Scene of Triumphs, and Delight.
With Peace the Subject, and the Royal Head
With Honour Crown'd, the Glorious Victor's Meed.
Our Laws preſerv'd, our Liberty our Own,
Juſtice in Courts, and Goodneſs in the Throne.
Our Tables with luxuriant Plenty ſpread,
Whate're or Sea or Earth indulgent bred:
Theſe kindly drench'd in chearful flowing Bowls,
Gift of the Gods, for only Loyal Souls.
Mixt, yet cemented, and concording Gueſts;
Eternal Healths to th' Founder of the Feaſts.
Large Portions hence, and generous Supplies,
The Widow's Tears prevent, and Orphan's Cries,
Taught to rejoyce, and bleſs the happy Day,
That gave the Beſt of Men the Sovereign Sway;

In whom the Sick, the Lame, the Halt, the Blind,
All in Diſtreſs, a common Father find,
A bounteous Maſter, and a Monarch kind.
In whom we ſee our late ſunk Credit rais'd,
Our Friendſhip courted, and our Conduct prais'd;
To whom contending Potentates appeal
For Juſtice, and implore their Strifes to heal.
Faint Types of Ours, and with leſs Splendour ſhine,
The Prophet's Fig-Tree, and the Prophet's Vine.
Applauſes, Bleſſings, Praiſes, Shouts around,
Rejoicing Fires, and ev'ry Muſic's Sound.

Ye *Britiſh* Worthies, Patriots, Heroes, Friends,
See on the GEORGIAN Reign what Bliſs attends!
Look back on all your glorious ancient Kings;
How happier far your preſent State of Things!
Oh! had BRITANNIA's kind indulging Fate
Made it uninterrupted, as 'tis great!

Ah! will the much lov'd King his *Britons* leave?
Will He that makes us happy, make us grieve?
Muſt all our Comforts meet with ſome Allay?
Some gloomy Cloud o'recaſt our brighteſt Day?
And wou'd our Glories have too long a Date
Without ſome Interruption of our State?
Or is the Diſpenſation, tho' ſevere,
Meant to allay the Joys we cou'd not bear?
In ſuch a Reign, and ſuch an Age as This,
Of brighteſt Glories, and conſummate Bliſs,
Heav'n, leſt we ſurfeit through the vaſt Exceſs,
Thus kindly makes the killing Tranſport leſs.

Go then, thou beſt of Kings, lov'd Monarch, go,
With fav'ring Skies above, and Earth below.
Some ſhadowing Cloud defend thee from the Heat,
Be none, or but ſome gentle, Dew-like Wet.
With Motion ſwift the Royal Chariot glow,
And thy Return prevent the Winter's Snow.
Succeſs attend Thee in thy grand Affairs,
Be Health, and Peace the Iſſue of thy Cares.

Remem-

Remember then, thy Widow'd Kingdoms mourn,
And let their Sorrows haſten thy Return.
When Neghbouring States, and Foreign Kings have [paid
Due Honour, and implor'd thy mighty Aid,
Secure in Thy Alliance, Thou in Theirs,
Then let not ev'n thy firſt lov'd Subjects Tears
Prolong thy Stay; let nothing ſtop the Speed
Of the wing'd Bark, or of the flying Steed.
And may the ſame protecting Pow'rs that brought
The King, when firſt his ALBION He ſought,
Propitious now conduct Him once again,
Lord of the Sea, through his own Sphere the Main;
Safe to his *Britiſh* Subjects Arms reſtore,
Thence never, never to be parted more.
Return'd, let all his rightful Pow'r approve,
Or learn to fear, if they diſdain to love.

Nor ev'n this Hope our Sorrows cou'd ſupport,
Howe're kind Heaven ſhou'd make his Abſence ſhort,
But that He leaves (in This we Comfort find)
Another GEORGE, his Other Self behind;

With

With whom He ſafely truſts his Sovereign Pow'r,
His happy Realms, ſtill happy as before.
He ſways the Scepter with his Father's Arts,
Grateful, like Him, to all true *Britiſh* Hearts.
So ſmall, ſo imperceptible the *Change*,
There's nothing but the wondrous Likeneſs ſtrange!
And None in CAROLINA's Preſence live,
But CAROLINA's Eyes forbid to grieve.
From Both a numerous Royal Iſſue ſprings,
A Seed of Princes, and a Race of Kings,
From long paſt Time decreed to make our State
For ever Happy, and for ever Great.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

# Robert Walpole, Eſq;

UPON

## His firſt coming to the *Treaſury*, after his Recovery from a dangerous Fit of Sickneſs.

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---------- *Finem*
*Luctibus impoſuit, venitq; Salutifer Urbi.*

Ov. Met.

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*L O N D O N*:
Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

# Robert Walpole, Esq;

UPON

His firſt coming to the Treaſury, after his Recovery from a dangerous Fit of Sickneſs.



LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXV

## To the RIGHT HONOURABLE *ROBERT WALPOLE*, Esq;

*Upon his first coming to the* TREASURY, *after his Recovery from a dangerous Fit of Sickness.*

NO Morning's Sun arose, nor Evening's sat,
Without Enquiry of our WALPOLE's Fate;
The Morn, and Evening Messenger's Report
Afflicts the City, and distracts the Court,
That all our Art, and skill'd Prescriptions fail,
In vain assay'd; not even our Pray'rs prevail.

Undone, Grief stopt the rest, Undone, We cry'd.
Undone, Undone, BRITANNIA's King reply'd.
The Subject's, and the Prince's equal Care,
All was giv'n up as lost, and all Despair!
The Griefs we can express, in part relieve,
Here Grief it self denies the Pow'r to grieve.

We so disturb'd, Thyself so unconcern'd,
What distant Virtues in this Scene are learn'd!
In Us a mighty Love is seen to reign,
In Thee vast Courage, and Contempt of Pain.
Who in thy Health wert Proof against Delight,
In Sickness not the Face of Death cou'd fright.

Then

Then with a Senſe of Love and Danger fir'd,
*Phœbean Garth*, with all the God inſpir'd,
Timely, and in the laſt yet-ſaving Hour,
With Art divine, and more than human Pow'r,
The obſtinate Diſeaſe expelling, gave
Convincing Proof, 'twas He alone cou'd ſave,
And ſnatch the Man from an untimely Fate,
That cou'd alone bring Safety to a State.

Thou, WALPOLE, didſt Death's Impotence defy,
Nor cou'dſt, at moſt, but for a Moment, Dye:
But thee the Gods, and *Garth* this Grace deſign'd,
As pitying thoſe whom Thou ſhou'dſt leave behind.

And now, as the Diſeaſe, the Nation ſeems
At once to labour under vaſt Extremes;
Such was the Grief, thy Death ſuppos'd, we griev'd;
Such Joy we joy'd, when told our WALPOLE liv'd.
Pleas'd that our Age ſuch Virtue does employ,
We griev'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly joy,
To ſee thy priſtine Vigour now renew'd,
And with freſh Force thy great Deſigns purſu'd.

*F I N I S.*